

Instinct

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Summary: If there is a feeling that drives us more than anything, it is instinct. What a better example more than this fallen deprived prince? One-shot.

Instinct

**\*\*Instinct\*\***

Greed. The bane of human's existence.

There is greed in all things. From the tiniest insect to the largest whale. Greed is an emotion, a drive, to reap the rewards of others and make everything within vicinity your own. Greed cares not for other lives: only its own. This despicable emotion has ignited countless wars and brutal combat all across the world, never ending, never satisfied with its rewards. Greed is a link to betrayal; causing your being to go against everything your friends and family stand for to gain higher riches or, the other bane of existence, power. The code of greed is simple: \_there is never enough of anything. \_You can never be satisfied with what you get, and you want more, more to make you the higher being than others. Without greed, you think to yourself, you may be nothing short of a commoner. Even those who show none of the emotion can keep it very well hidden inside; the time to show your true colors in patience.

Of course there are many other emotions that drive our beings: anger, hatred, happiness, love, contempt, fondness. And greed, like the rest of them, can be interpreted as either a "good" or "bad" emotion; it gives motivation, but takes sensibility. And we humans always use it without knowing. It is theorized we could not have gotten to where we are today without this disgusting emotion. Some might compare greed with selfishness; both being the exact same thing. But this is another interpretation: unlike selfishness, greed can be used to not only ascend you but those you care for as well, even unknowingly. Gaining pity for being greedy is foolish: everyone feels greed, those

who try not to are fools among themselves, and they are to be pitied. It is greed that breeds anger, jealousy, and fuels one particular feeling that has been with us since the dawn of time, that one feeling, regardless of our intelligence, can never be rid, one we always drive back into during anything.

Instinct.

It is instinct that brings either chaos or harmony, for the greater good for the worse of the bad. Instinct drives our beings more than greed, as it is the single feeling we will always subject to anytime possible. We don't know when we return to it; it decides for its own. Instinct deprives our intelligence and makes us do life-saving things or decisions that would cause our downfalls.

And what a downfall this one has taken.

Admire the cold atmosphere, stoned walls crumbled to dust, a wasteland of what was once a great kingdom. A place where regret and sorrow has no welcome; only death and the smell of blood. The ancestors' legacy here, defiled by a savage beast: a beast that still crawls around this empty horrifying landscape. This creature has no motivation, no drive to do anything: simply kill and torture victims for its own stomach. A legend has been centered around this creature, courtesy of a female mage who resides somewhere in the forest below. This legend dictates that this shameless creature, which paces around the stone floor of a once great throne room, was not a thing of nightmares once, but a soul who was driven by greed to disobey its siblings for higher power, using sorcery from the old mage herself so it can become the ruler of its own kingdom. A tragic tale, almost suited for children.

This thing, this disillusioned animal, was once a man.

You can barely understand this hairy nightmare as it prowls around the floor, as if waiting for its next meal to show. What drives this creature that has old arrows stuck in its back? How did this thing with a scar covering its left eye come to be? What happened to this once great kingdom, and what does this monster have to do with it? The nightmare had all the time in the world to contemplate this, but it did little as such. Animal thoughts usually were the cornerstone of its brain; any other only appearing for seconds: brief flashbacks of the ancient past and reflections that you would less expect something like this to think on. Appearances are always deceiving. This thing could be an example; but it is pure animal mind and body.

There were once four brothers, all raised by an aging king who was proud of his legacies. Unfortunately, like all kingdoms, only one of the princes could be selected as the next ruler. It was a simple decision, really, as normally the eldest of the family was chosen to take the throne after the previous ruler. This kingdom was of no exception. So of course, before the untimely death by illness, the king selected his eldest son to take the throne. The siblings were happy for him... save for himself. The oldest could not help his jealousy, for he desired to rule the throne alone, he did not have the intention of any sort to share his seat of power with his brothers. The eldest, named Mor'du, desired conquest for this rule, and so wars ignited for the throne. Brother against brother, all vying for the throne. Regardless that Mor'du had the largest and more

powerful army: the war was a stalemate among them all. His selfishness and drive for victory brought him to a pattern of stones, where Will-o-the-wisps appeared and brought him to an old mage. The mage gave him a spell, in return for his own family ring he offered, that would either heal the bonds between the brother, torn by war and pride, or gain the strength of ten men.

But jealousy and greed had already taken over his mind, heart and soul completely. Mor'du called the other brothers to him, in the throne room, for the pretense of peace. He demanded, once more, for them to obey him and only him. Defying him, they, and Mor'du, has sealed their fate once and for all. Mor'du drank the potion the mage had given him, instead of healing the bonds, he became a raging monster, a bear unseen like any other. Instead of desiring a way to get out of this form, the newly formed creature held onto this new path with renewed fury and... hunger. He slaughtered his own siblings, feeling no mercy at all.

Returning to the front lines, Mor'du expected all to obey his new rule, but alas, the armies only saw a savage monster, and were only killed by his growing fury or fleeing in terror, never returning. The castle in ruins, no one else to be seen but the bodies of his brothers and their armies, Mor'du lived on for centuries. As he never aged eternally, his sensible thoughts left, only animal and hungry drives replacing them. He never regretted his decision, but then again that may be the bear side talking, who knows?

Whenever any human thoughts returned to him, they were only of sorrow and that he was invincible and immortal, nothing could stop him. But in the end, was it worth it?

The large bear snorted at the thought, which echoed the aged walls. Of course it was. His brothers had gotten in the way of his rule. What more was there to say about it? They were traitors, plain and simple. And yet... he halted briefly, claws always extending and retracing. They were his brothers. They were family. He won't deny killing them was of any justice of sorts; but killing ones family and leaving nothing else for the throne... well it tends to have an impact on you. But what throne was there to take now. Regret began to well up in what little-to-none humanity parts he had in him left, a low growl but soft whine escaping his black muzzle. If only he could have done something, anything to make it up to his long-gone, memorable brothers...

Shaking his head, the bear thoughts returning, Mor'du continued his trail of pacing. That was the prince talking, the remains of a pitiful human being that had everything taken from him by his own foibles for power. There was only Mor'du the Bear now. Mor'du, who will frighten and overtake all who oppose him. There is no rule equal or greater than him, only the weaklings and meals. Soon, the kingdom nearest to him, the kingdom ruled by loud redheads, will be crushed to dust, the whole family swallowed up whole by him. And he will savor every taste of it. Mor'du feels no pity; only hatred and hunger. He has no motivations; only a stomach to feast for and teeth to penetrate skin. The sunlight hit his yellow savage eyes, causing a growl that, once again, echoed the walls. It was obvious one day, soon, this castle was going to crumble completely, and Mor'du was fine with that. He can claim the castle of the redheads for his own, and none will stop him, only obey him and him alone!

You have already known by now what drives this hungry creature. What causes him to kill and maim for his own meals. How the human thoughts of slowly being deprived of him for all eternity. It was the simple feeling, the feeling of which would overtake us all if we are not careful: instinct. Instinct will always be a part of us, never leaving, never staying for too long overtaking our bodies. It is eternal. Who knows, maybe our instincts will drive us to become like this beast before us one day. Mor'du is, of nothing else, a representation of our greed and pride, jealousy and hatred, envy and, above all, instinct. He crawls around the place, as if just waiting there will do good for him, the next meal coming to him. It was only a matter of time, he was feeling pretty hungry now. He could go for another meal, preferably another pitiful human. Claws extended, his unblinking yellow eyes, Mor'du retreated into the shadows, for the sound of footsteps were approaching from above, his nose sniffing the fine taste of his next meal...

When the red-haired princess falls down into the room, he will show now mercy, only instinct.

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><p><strong>Finally, third one-shot done, detailing the thoughts and drives of our huge bear of a villain. Now, personally, some of what I put in there are of my own opinions. All feedback welcome. Next one-shot of mine will be the dragon for How To Train Your Dragon. Already done the villain from Tangled, then the one from Rise Of The Guardians. Hope you liked it! <strong>

End  
file.